

# Neptunes raging fury,

O R,

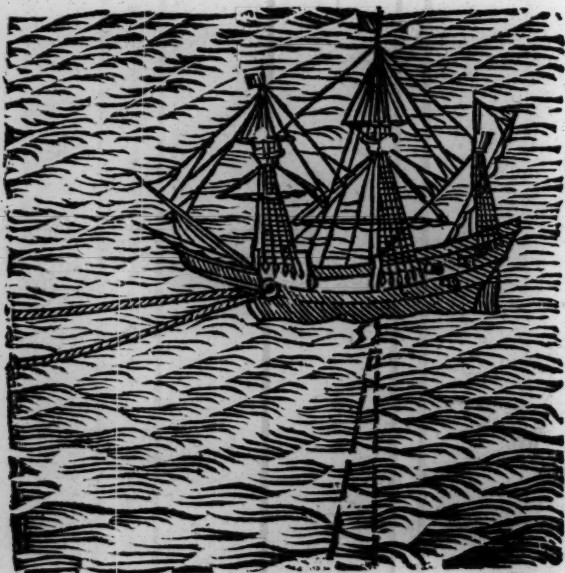
## The Gallant Sea-mens Sufferings.

*Being a Relation of their Perils and Dangers, and of the extraordinary hazards they undergo in their Noble Adventures.*

*Together with their undaunted valour, and rare constancy, in all their extremities, And the manner of their rejoycing on Shore at their return home.*

To the Tune of, *When the Stormy Windes doe blow.*

By J. P.



**Y**ou Gentle men of England  
That lides at home at ease,  
Full little doe you think upon  
The dangers of the Seas;  
Give ear unto the Barriners,  
And they will plainly shew,  
The cares and the feares,  
When the stormy windes doe blow.

All you that will be Sea-men,  
Must bear a valiant heart,  
For when you come upon the Seas  
You must not think to start;  
For once to be faint hearted  
In Hail, Rain nor Snow;  
Nor to shrink, nor to shrink,  
When the stormy winds doe blow.

The bitter frosts and Tempests  
Woe Sea-men must endure,  
Both day & night, with many a fright  
We seldom rest secure:  
Our sleep it is disturbed,  
With visions strange to know,  
And with dreams on the streams,  
When the stormy winds doe blow.

In Claps of roling thunder,  
Which darknesse doth enforce,  
We often finde our ships to stray  
Beyond our wonted course,  
Which causeth great distractions,  
And sincks our hearts full low;  
Tis in vain to complain  
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptunes bosome,  
Our ships is tost with waves;  
And every man expecting  
The Sea to be their Graves.  
Then up aloft she mounteth,  
And down again so low:  
Tis with waves, & with waves!  
When the stormy winds doe blow.

Then down we fall to prayers,  
With all our might and thought  
When refuge all doth faile us,  
Tis that must bear us out:  
To God we call for succour,  
For he it is we know  
That must aid us, and save us  
When stormy windes doe blow.

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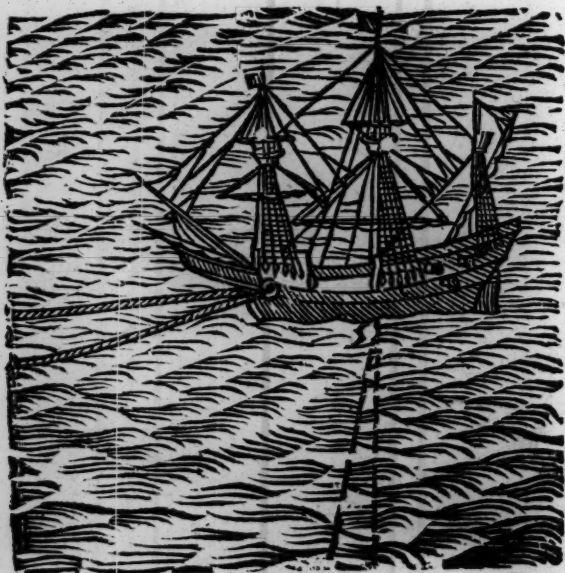
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*The Second Part, to the same Tune.*



**T**he Lawyer and the Usurer,  
That sits in Cloves of Firr,  
In Closets warm, can take no harm,  
Abroad they need not stirr, (pierce  
When winter fierce with cold doth  
And beats with Hail and Snow,  
We are sure to endure,  
When the stormy windes doe blow.

We bring home costly Merchandize  
And Jewels of great price,  
To serve our English Gallantrie,  
With many a rare device,  
To please the Noble Centry  
Our pains we freely shew,  
For we toyle, and we moyle,  
When the stormy windes doe blow.

We sometimes saile to th' Indies,  
to fetch home Spices rare :  
Sometimes again, to France & Spain  
For wines beyond compare,  
Whilst Gallants are carouling  
In Taverns on a row ;  
Then we sweep o're the deep,  
When the stormy windes do blow.

When Tempests are blown o'er  
And greatest fears are past ;  
In weather faire, and temperate aire  
We straight lye down to rest ;  
But when the Billows tumble,  
And waves doe furious grow :  
Then we roole, up we roole,  
When the stormy windes doe blow.

If Enemies oppose us,  
When England is at Wars  
With any foreign Nations  
We fear not wounds and Scars :  
Our roring Guns shall teach them  
Our valour for to know,  
Whilst they reele, in the keele,  
When the stormy winds doe blow.

We are no Cowardly shrinkers,  
But English-men true bred hearts  
We'll play our parts, like ballant  
And never fly for dread :  
We'll ply our busines nimble  
When ere we come o' go,  
With our mates, to the straits,  
When the stormy winds doe blow.

Then Courage all brave Harriners,  
And never be dismayd,  
Whilst we have bold Adventurers  
We ne're shall want a trade :  
Our Merchants will imploy us,  
To fetch them wealth I know :  
Then to be bold, work for Gold,  
When the stormy winds doe blow.

When we return in safety,  
With wages for our pains :  
The Tapster and the Wintener  
Will help to share our gains :  
We'll call for liquoz roundly,  
And pay before we goe ;  
Then we'll roze, on the boze,  
When the stormy windes doe blow ;

FINIS.